



R. EATON, Proprietor.
AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 1, 1890.

Restoration of the Jews.

No people on earth have maintained their identity, or rather, national characteristics, so long and completely, as have the Jews. Notwithstanding they have been scattered throughout the earth, and have mingled with the people of every government, and lived and traded with them, having no common civil government among themselves, and no particular spot of earth that they could unite together upon as a collective nation, they have nevertheless kept up their peculiar traits, and continued through all changes of time and place, in character, religion and feeling as their ancestors were more than eighteen hundred years ago, when they were one among the most powerful nations on earth.

Since their dispersion they have continued to look with an unshaken faith to the time when they should again be restored to their ancient home, should again people their former lands as a nation once more. Every one must admire the constancy of their faith in this respect. It has been handed down from father to son century after century, not one of them ever doubting that the prophecy and the hope would ultimately be fulfilled. It would seem from the movement which is going on among the different nations that this time is really near at hand. We believe our own nation was the first to grant them civil privileges—that is, to allow them all the rights of citizenship, and to make no exception to them on account of their religion, which in other nations disqualified them from holding office or exercising the rights of a citizen.

Recently, other nations have become convinced of their error in this respect, and have granted them many privileges which were never before allowed them. If we mistake not, one of the Rothschilds is a member of the British Parliament. We believe the new constitution of France contains nothing which will deprive them from an active share in the duties, honors or emoluments of the government. The present Pope of Rome has granted them what may be called the freedom of the city. They have been confined to a limited portion of the city, called the Jews' Quarter, ever since they were conquered by Titus, seventeen hundred and seventy years ago. Now they are allowed to disperse and build or reside in any part of it, and enjoy many other privileges hitherto denied them. Russia has also relaxed her despotic over them, and granted many privileges. And what is more wonderful still, the Turkish government, even the sublime Porte himself, who has hitherto ground them down to the dust in the very land of their ancient power and fame, has issued a decree placing them under the protection of the British ambassador and the consuls throughout the Turkish dominions to protect them and afford them every encouragement. They are encouraged. They look with less bitterness toward the Christians, and they begin to look from different parts of the world to the "Holy Land," and of its becoming an asylum and a home for the Jewish nation. Every one will hail the day with pleasure when this scattered people will again be reunited on the plains of Judea, and having the experience of so many centuries of grinding oppression before them, learn to look upon mankind as brothers, and practicing the precepts of love and universal brotherhood, become a liberal, prosperous and righteous nation.

Ohio Fruit Growers' Convention.
We have received the report of the second session of this convention, held at Columbus, Ohio, Sept. 27th and 28th, 1889.
The convention appeared to be attended by the nurserymen and amateurs of good fruit in Ohio, and the report of their labors proves that they take hold of the business with spirit, zeal and knowledge. The account of their labors fills a pamphlet of sixty-four octavo pages.
We see by statements made, that some of the fruits which are first rate in New England are only second rate in Ohio; for instance: the Rhode Island Greening and Baldwin, both of which are so highly prized, do not develop those valuable properties in that region that they do with us. The Roxbury Russet seems to take its stand there in the fruit ranks, as it does here; so does the Porter.

Among the early sweet apples presented for the consideration of the convention, was one which they finally pronounced to be the high-top sweeting, so well known by every boy in the Old Colony that is big enough to munch an apple. There can be no doubt, judging from the description and outline, that it is that same old favorite of the sons of the Pilgrims, which came from nobody knows where, but which grows all over that section of the Union, and has helped, in the shape of baked apples and milk, to make the bones and brawny muscles of nine-tenths of that portion of the Universal Yankee Nation.

These fruit conventions are doing much good, by bringing into notice new varieties worthy of culture, and out of notice those varieties that prove to be unworthy. Also by disseminating correct knowledge, and doing away with a host of synonymous names, which are useless, and tend to create confusion.

Hovey's Catalogue of Pears.
We have received from Messrs. Hovey & Co., seed merchants and nurserymen, No. 7, Merchants' Row, Boston, their Catalogue of Pears, that they have for sale in 1890.

These enterprising and active nurserymen have probably as extensive an assortment of this delicious fruit as can be found in any establishment in the United States. We are enumerated nearly four hundred varieties. They have supplied themselves with all the new varieties, as fast as they are announced, either in this country or Europe, as being worthy of cultivation, and they can supply them in want of any kind, whether on quince stocks or otherwise.

Breaking the Sabbath and Breaking his Head. Patrick Madden, keeper of a shanty boarding house on the A. and K. R. Road, took it into his head to steal time from the Lord on Sunday before last, and steal a log of wood. To get it apart he stole a lot of powder from the contractor, and also stole a short bit of a fuse—he then charged the log, put in the fuse, applied a coal to it, and placed his mouth close down to blow the coal. The charge went off, bruised his head, banged out his eyes, burnt the skin from his face, and broke one of his arms in two places. That's what we call sinning on a short credit.

Form of the Violin.

A lad was not long since looking at a violin, and wondering why it was necessary to make them in the shape they were, in order to make good music, and he applied to us for a solution of the reason. We told him that we were no musician, and therefore not a suitable person to judge, but we supposed that the form had little to do with the music it made—that the texture or thickness of the wood was probably of more consequence than the shape.

Since then we have met with the researches of M. Savart, a French Philosopher, who has experimented upon the subject, and take the following extract from his remarks, for the information of "the boys," and men too, who may feel a curiosity in this matter of "fiddle-ology." M. Savart states that he investigated the sources of sound, as connected with the violin, in order to determine what were, and what were not, essential parts of the instrument. After which he made out as follows: 1st.—Instead of having the face and back of the body curved, he formed them of two pieces similar in size and direction of grain, one-fifth of an inch thick at one edge, and one-twelfth of an inch at the other, united by their thick edges. 2d.—The sides were made perfectly straight instead of being hollowed out. 3d.—The bridge was made a little higher than usual, to suit the altered shape of the body. 4th.—The strengthening bar, or bar of harmony, was placed upon the surface of the instrument, instead of at one side of the middle. 5th.—The holes in the upper surface were straight instead of being curved like an f. 6th.—The sounding part was placed very near one of these holes. 7th.—The sides of the instrument were deeper than in ordinary violins, so that its internal capacity was greater. Another writer says that he made one according to the above directions, of American fir wood, which was quite superior to the ordinary run of violins, if not quite to the very best. The dimensions were as follows:—Length, 14 inches; width at the bottom end, 8 1/2 inches; width at the top end, 6 inches; depth, 2 1/2 inches. The neck and keys or screws, the same as in other violins.

We give the above information for building, to those who feel interested, as we find it. Whether or by following the rules the result will be a real "serena," or a regular "serena," will depend upon him who "roses" the bow.

Another Robbery.

On Sunday night last, or early on Monday morning, the dwelling house of Capt. Samuel Randall, of this village, was entered, and his trunk broken open and robbed of about four hundred and fifty dollars in bank bills. Most of the bills were on the banks of this town, Hallowell and Gardiner. There was one fifty dollar bill on the Suffolk bank, Boston.

The robber, as yet, has not been detected. Whoever he is, he must have understood the arrangements of the house, the location of the trunk, and what was in it. Capt. Randall had just returned from the country, having been out collecting freight bills, and this robbery must have known. He also must have understood where the Captain and his family slept, and was pretty confident that he could enter the house without waking them, as he did. We believe he entered through a window, and left his snow-tracks on the floor.

Capt. Randall has offered a reward of fifty dollars for the detection of the robber and the recovery of the money, and twenty-five for either the robber or the money.

Augustus has, of late, become famous for robbery. Besides the robbery above mentioned and the Bank affair, several stores have been entered and robbed of various kinds of goods. And these depredations will continue to be made, so long as the evil-disposed have full command of our streets in the night time. We need a watch, and an efficient one, too. At present, one man, a Hibernian, is employed to guard the property of our townsmen. A few nights since he heard a racket in or back of a store, and suspected robbery; but instead of proceeding to see what the trouble was, he stood in the street (ready to run, it may be) and watched the front part of the building. While he was thus engaged, a rogue rolled out a barrel of flour and made off with it.

Gold Mine in Maine.

For two or three weeks back we have heard it stated that a gold mine had been discovered in the town of Bingham, in this State, but of the facts in the case we learned nothing that could be relied on. The last Piscataquis Observer contains the following letter to the editor, in the shape of a communication, over the signature of "P.," which we give as we find it:

"It appears that a golden age sure enough, for a man by the name of Irving W. Curtis, in company with one Joseph Maynard, both of Bingham, in Somerset county, Me., while trying to get their oxen down to the Kennebec River, through a swamp, drove a pole down into the mine in order to ascertain the depth their oxen would sink, and upon drawing it up they found the lower end was covered with white sand and glittering particles that looked like gold, upon which they then turned round for several acres with augers and found the same phenomenon presented itself, therefore they commenced washing, and sending specimens to different parts, and it proved to be gold of a quality that it loses but little, but as it is in particles and has to be washed from the sand, which lays several feet under the surface, that it is not obtained without some trouble and expense, but it is in such quantities that they have already been offered ten thousand dollars for a half an acre, but have refused to take it. Now as this California 'find' was taken to come thus near to us, 'tis nothing more than fair that we should have a slap at it, while it is going. Any way I for one am off!'

It is rumored that parties of this gold have been sent to professors in Bowdoin and Waterville Colleges for them to assay, and also that they have found it to be the genuine article. Will our friends and correspondents, J. D. Hill, Esq., let our readers into the mystery of these rumors—that is, if it is not too busy in 'digging.'"

The Lewiston Falls Mining and Trading Company. Mailed from Boston for California on the 23d ult., in the ship Capt. Capt. Proctor, of Salem. The names of those who go in for this State are as follows: Levi A. Gould, John P. Beckett, Temple Tibbets, of Lewiston; David L. Brown, of Portland; Joseph Penley, of Duxbury; John Merrill, of Portland; J. E. Campbell, of S. P. Thos. of Duxbury; David F. Lihop, of Leeds; Cornelius Stuckpole, of Lisbon; David M. Oakes, of Old Town. The Lewiston Journal, speaking of this company, says: "All of them, with one exception, from this vicinity, are husbands and fathers, who bear with them the prayers of affection, and on account of whose absence tears will flow in profusion. May the El Dorado they are seeking prove otherwise than some splendid mirage, as evaporating as seen in the distance, but vanishing as that distance diminishes."

Chanor. Ben. Griffin has retired from the editorial chair of the Belfast Republican Journal, and is about embarking for California. George B. Moore, a practical printer, has assumed the editorship of the Journal, and will, no doubt, fill the shoes of his predecessor, who was an able editor.

Glimpses from the Road-side.

WATVILLE.
Situation and agricultural resources.—Farming sixty years ago—Wayne Village—North Wayne—The Stage Business.

This town lies west of Winthrop and south of Fayette. It was incorporated in 1798, and agricultural town it occupies a respectable position, although we are inclined to believe it has rather more waste land than Winthrop or Redfield, and the beauty of the landscape, and the serious annoyance to the farmers in that section. At the time of the last census, the corn and grain raised in the town, averaged more than ten bushels to each inhabitant; the potatoes more than twenty bushels, and the hay more than one and two-thirds tons to an inhabitant. Perhaps in this town there has not been manifested so much emulation among the farmers generally, as in some of the neighboring towns, but there are quite a large number of well-cultivated farms, and intelligent and thriving farmers.

Our venerable friend, Comfort C. Smith, resides in Wayne. He is now in his eighty-eighth year. With his father he moved into "Pond Town," (the name by which the territory which is now Winthrop and Redfield, was then known,) in Sept. 1775. Soon after he was twenty-one, he took up the lot of land on which he now lives, and cut the first tree upon it. He paid for it \$1.50 per acre. From the time he commenced farming for himself until he was thirty-three years of age, he was entirely engaged in clearing land, and raising corn and grain. In this he was eminently successful, and he has probably cleared more land than any other individual in the country. At one time he had in possession more than 300 acres in Wayne, and more than 100 in Fayette.

After selling the trees and burning, he planted his corn among the logs and stumps. The second year, he burnt as many of the logs as he could conveniently, and planted it again to corn. The third year, he cleared the land and sowed it to wheat and grass. In planting on a "burn," the common method was to dig a soil and plant the corn under it; but he preferred to dig a hole and cover the corn with fine earth. In harvesting, he gathered the corn from the stalks; he saved no "pig corn," and no stalks, only what were used to cover the cribs. He gave each of his men a regular "stim" to gather, huck, and put into the cribs, ears enough to make forty bushels of corn per day, and he paid them extra for all they would do more than this. He worked with his men, and was able to perform the task easily himself. In summer he generally hired three men by the month, and he employed others by the day, to the number of ten, at the busiest seasons.—Labor was cheaper then than it has been lately.—\$10 per month was considered extra wages for a good hand.

The third year after he commenced for himself, he cut down nearly forty acres of trees, and from this land, besides what corn the bears got, he harvested more than forty bushels to the acre. One year his whole crop of wheat and corn amounted to 2200 bushels. The yield of corn from 25 to 65 bushels to the acre. The greater part of his crops he sold at his own door, the prices ranging from 66 cts. to \$1.50 per bushel. Mr. Smith thinks that the labor of chopping an acre and planting it, was not so great as it is to prepare and plant an acre of corn on old land. Wayne Village, near the center of the town, is pleasantly situated on a neck of land between two beautiful ponds. It is a neat and thriving village, and a place of considerable trade and importance. Here are as many as six stores besides mechanics' shops, &c. A large stream, which is the outlet of a chain of ponds, which extend through several towns above, passes through the village, affording a water privilege, which is improved by a grist-mill, saw-mill, and some other machinery.

NORTH WAYNE, OR DENNISTOWN. This village is about three miles north-east from the other village in Wayne, five miles from Winthrop village, and fifteen from the center of the town. It is a small village, and is a grist-mill, saw-mill, and some other machinery. The third year after he commenced for himself, he cut down nearly forty acres of trees, and from this land, besides what corn the bears got, he harvested more than forty bushels to the acre. One year his whole crop of wheat and corn amounted to 2200 bushels. The yield of corn from 25 to 65 bushels to the acre. The greater part of his crops he sold at his own door, the prices ranging from 66 cts. to \$1.50 per bushel. Mr. Smith thinks that the labor of chopping an acre and planting it, was not so great as it is to prepare and plant an acre of corn on old land. Wayne Village, near the center of the town, is pleasantly situated on a neck of land between two beautiful ponds. It is a neat and thriving village, and a place of considerable trade and importance. Here are as many as six stores besides mechanics' shops, &c. A large stream, which is the outlet of a chain of ponds, which extend through several towns above, passes through the village, affording a water privilege, which is improved by a grist-mill, saw-mill, and some other machinery.

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stories high, and it contains a very large assortment of goods. There is a saw-mill and grist-mill, the latter of which is very thoroughly built, and capable of doing as good work as any mill in the State. On a lower dam is a shop for machine work, repairing, &c. All these belong to Mr. Dunn.

There is an Odd Fellows' Hall at North Wayne. A meeting-house will probably be built the next season. A post-office has been established here, the income of which is more than sufficient to pay all its expenses, including the carrying of a semi-weekly mail to Winthrop. At N. Wayne we have one of the most striking examples of individual enterprise that can be found in our whole country. One of the most pleasant and flourishing villages in this vicinity has grown to its present rank and importance within a very few years. A branch of manufacturing, which, but a short time since, was almost unknown in the State, has been established here, which now outstrips all competition, and stands confessedly at the head of all similar establishments in the country, or even in the world. The neighboring farmers here find a ready market for their wood and the surplus products of their farms.

Mr. Dunn, having labored almost incessantly in the business for the last nine years, and until the success of the enterprise is fully established, and wishing to be relieved, in a measure, from the cares, responsibility and labor which are so extensive, he has placed the management of the enterprise on a more permanent footing than it would be, depending on the life and health of an individual, has procured an Act of Incorporation, and will dispose of a part of his interest to those persons who may desire to participate in the success, the profits, and we may add, the honor, of such an enterprise. Indeed, we believe Mr. Dunn has already sold some portion of his interest, and that a company is about being organized for the purpose of continuing the business, by the choice of Directors and other necessary officers. Those who are best acquainted with the value of the property, express themselves fully satisfied that, at the reasonable price at which Mr. Dunn has put the capital, the stock of this company will offer a rare opportunity for safe and profitable investment. We much mistake if the stock of the North Wayne Sycamore Manufacturing Company does not stand high in the market, and meet with a ready sale.

Diamond Cement.
A subscriber wishes us to publish the recipe for making what is called by some, diamond cement. We have seen several recipes published under that name, but the kind that is sometimes used for fastening ornamental stones or glass "gem" to trunks, is made, according to a writer in a foreign journal, in the following manner:—Take tallow, and after soaking it in water, dissolve it in spirit in which has also been dissolved gun ammonia and mastic; or these substances may be dissolved in alcohol, and then added to the tallow. This may be evaporated until a thick liquid or paste is formed, and kept in a well-corked bottle. When used it may be warmed and applied where desired. If well made it resists moisture.

Beating him down.
We have seen several anecdotes lately of people who are in the habit of beating down traders, as they call it, and the following, which actually happened not long since in Winthrop, will illustrate the workings of the habit. One of the Irish laborers on the railroad went into Mr. Chandler's store, and asked the price of a shawl.

"Four and sixpence," said Mr. Chandler.
"Four and sixpence," says Hibernia; "he said, and it's too much, I'll give you three dollars."
"What'll you give three and a half?" said Mr. Chandler.
"An' sure it's too much, I'll give you three."
"Well, now, my friend, I did not ask you but seventy-five cents, and I'll take that," said Mr. Chandler.

Another Pig. A correspondent writes that Dr. J. W. Foster, of Chesterfield, recently slaughtered a pig, seven months and twenty-seven days old, that weighed, when dressed, three hundred and seventeen pounds.

Expired. The Brunswick and Topham Advertiser expired a few days since. It was a local journal. The editor states that it "is not suspended for the want of patronage." Singular circumstance. This want has been the death of a great many sheets.

New Bridge at Lewiston. We learn from the Lewiston Falls Journal that arrangements are being made for the construction of a new toll bridge at that place, to take the place of the old one, which, from age and decay, is considered rather unsafe for heavy teams.

The Line Rock Gazette. An excellent journal, has entered upon its fourth volume, under the editorial charge of Mr. M. P. Williams.

Temperance in Somerset County. A large number of the friends of Temperance in Somerset County assembled in convention, at Norridgewock, on the 11th ult. They adopted several resolutions, formed a constitution, chose officers, and instituted a Company, called the "Somerset County Society for the suppression of the use of Intoxicating Drinks." They go in for "prompt, energetic, and concerted measures to enforce the law of 1846" in that county.

The City Advertiser. is the title of a small and spicy semi-weekly sheet, recently brought into existence in Bangor, by Walker & Closs. The Timber City will no doubt give it a warm embrace.

Fire in Chesterfield. There was a destructive fire in the center village of Chesterfield on Tuesday last week, which broke out about midnight, in a single machine attached to a saw mill owned by Elisha Parks. The day being very cold and the wind high, the fire spread rapidly, and in a few minutes the saw mill, a chimney, a clapboard machine and a lath machine, all belonging to Mr. Parks, who was insured for \$3000.

The fire also consumed a building formerly occupied as a grist mill, but then as a saw mill, by Nathaniel Whittier, Jr., and brother. Attached to this was also a shingle machine and some other machinery. A considerable quantity of lumber was also burned. No insurance except the \$3000 of Mr. Parks. Total loss between four and five thousand dollars. While the building was burning, the flying cinders set fire to two or three dwelling houses, which were only saved by the active efforts of the inhabitants. The loss will be felt by a considerable number of people to whom these mills gave employment.

The Cost of a Mob. It appears by the proceedings of the City Council, that the sum of \$321 11 has been appropriated for damages done by the mob last April in Brown street. This amount comes out of the tax payers.

Fire. We learn from the Bangor Whig that Lambert's Mills, at Six Miles Falls, were destroyed by fire on Friday forenoon, together with the mill owned by James Dismore. The whole loss amounted to \$5,500. Insurance \$1,000.

Gathered Fragments.

Slavery in the District. Mr. Greeley, of the Tribune, writes from Washington on Monday, that Major John P. Gaines of Kentucky had presented a memorial from the Mayor and Aldermen of Washington, desiring Congress to abolish the District slave trade, or to empower them to do so.

The General Appropriation Bill passed the House of Representatives on Tuesday. The reform in the mileage of members was cut out, while the proviso which forbade flogging in the Navy was preserved. An appropriation was granted of \$150,000 for the erection of a custom house at Portland.

Henry Clay was unanimously re-elected President of the American Colonization Society at its recent annual meeting, held in the City of Washington.

Michael Doherty, one of the companions of Smith O'Brien, in Tipperary in July last, arrived at New York from Havre on Sunday last, after a passage of sixty days.

Death from Cholera. An Irishman named John Griffin, died at the New York City hospital last Saturday, from the effects of Cholera, which had been administered to him, with a view of alleviating his sufferings while undergoing a surgical operation.

Matchless ladies. The editor of the Home Journal asserts in that paper, that it has lately become all the rage in Germany for ladies to cultivate upon their upper lips like a daisy, delicate moustache! It is thought a great ornament, notwithstanding the increasing ridicule which has been cast upon moustaches when worn by men. The fashion is said to be advancing.

Music for the gold mines. Among the articles in the ship Montreal, for San Francisco, are two pianos.

Flannels. The English physicians have recommended the constant use of flannel, for colds, coughs, and they urge its use, particularly at this time, on the approach of the cholera.

Population of Portland. The Argus states that the population of that city has increased more than 20 per cent since 1845, and that it now exceeds 19,000.

Washington's Administration. It is stated that Mr. Webster is now engaged in writing a history of Washington's administration.

Fast day. Thursday, April 5th, has been appointed by the Governor of New Hampshire, as a day of Fasting and Prayer.

New coin. The propriety of reducing the size of the one cent coin, and authorizing a three cent piece of copper and silver, is talked of in Congress.

Consumed. The loss of property by fire in Boston last week, was \$347,800.

Smart watchman. A watchman in Cincinnati, recently had his boots stolen from his feet while enjoying a pleasant nap.

Church suit. The Methodist Episcopal Church South, has commenced a suit against the same Church North, for the recovery of their share of the Church property.

Settled. The difficulties of our Commissioner with the Chinese authorities have been amicably settled.

Interesting record. The whole number of births in Massachusetts for the year past is 16,322; marriages, 5,362; deaths, 11,836.

Cause of grey hair. The disturbances of the heart, produced by sudden misfortunes, affect the capillaries in such a way as to cause the hair to turn white in a few hours. A recent English medical work contains numerous examples of this fact.

A Remarkable Occurrence.

A most singular occurrence has been brought to our notice, which may yet lead to astonishing discoveries. The whole circumstances, when taken in connection, border so intimately upon the marvellous that we cannot refrain from giving them publicity.

It appears that the new brig "Maine," a vessel of superior model and finish, owned by Wm. McLean, Esq., and commanded by Capt. Chas. Thornhill, both of South Thomaston, sailed from that port on the 9th of October, 1845, with a cargo of live for New Orleans. A few days after her departure, that severe gale occurred which proved so fatally disastrous to our navigation on the Atlantic coast, and the vessel, of which is still fresh in the minds of many. As neither the vessel or crew were afterwards heard of, it was supposed that she foundered at sea with all on board; and the circumstance had nearly faded from the minds of all, save those to whose remembrance it was riveted with a keenness inexplicable.

In the summer of 1847, some two years after the incidents related above, Capt. Robbins, of St. George, shipped two Portuguese hands on board his vessel at Vera Cruz, for New Orleans; after receiving a month's advance, they very unconsciously disappeared, leaving the vessel to content himself with his baggage. The chests, one of which was of pure mahogany, were opened, and nothing of importance being there discovered, except a quantity of old Spanish books, they were suffered to remain undisturbed throughout the voyage. Upon Capt. R.'s arrival a few weeks since, the mahogany chest, with its contents, was sent to his home in St. George, where it was recognized as answering the description of one belonging to the first mate of the brig "Maine"—a mahogany chest which bore something very common.

This led to a thorough examination of its contents; and an epitome belonging to Capt. Thornhill, with the same written in it, was found, and was immediately sent to the second mate, whose name was Cooper. This singular discovery was immediately made known to the friends of Capt. T., and the articles are now in their possession.

There are many vague rumors afloat, and although we have taken some pains to gather the facts, yet there may be some slight inaccuracies in the statements made above, but we obtained them from good authority, and they are in the leading points, correct. How these three articles, belonging to three different members of the missing vessel, should come together, and how they got into the possession of the Portuguese, are circumstances which are yet to be brought to light! That they should traverse the ocean for three years, and then arrive safely at home, is certainly a most inexplicable mystery, which, if ever unraveled, must drive to the verge of incredulity some of the most cherished and popular notions of our time.

Forbear yet expressing an opinion; each one must draw his own conclusions. Time will reveal all. [Thomaston Gazette.]

SUFFERING AND DEATH AT SEA. The following is a letter from the old Port Comfort, Va., Jan. 18th:—
"Arrived here, the ship, Metella, (of Wisconsin,) Donnell, from Boston for Wilmington, N. C., in distress. The M. left Boston on the 31st ult., and anchored the same night near Chatham, on account of stress of weather. From the 1st to the 12th inst. the vessel was in a most miserable weather; the boat was stove and the vessel made considerable water, which was blown off the coast nearly to Bermuda. On the 4th, last, overboard Mr. Geo. W. Geo, of Boston, passenger. It was impossible to save him, and he was carried off by a pint of water for eight days, which was entirely exhausted two days since, when we should have been utterly destitute had it not been for a shower of rain; we caught him with the sails to last us, though it smelt and tasted of tar. Capt. Donnell is a first rate seaman and navigator, and through his good management may be attributed the safety of the vessel, as well as the passengers and crew."

EARLY DISCOVERIES OF GOLD. The Washington Union publishes an interesting document, recently submitted to the New York Historical Society, going to show that gold was discovered by the ship "Speedwell," fitted out in 1719, by a number of merchants of London, to cruise in the South Sea, discovered gold in California in 1721. It anchored in the harbor of Puerto Seguro, Yucatan, and there the crew discovered the country very much resembled Peru. In most of the valleys was found a black mould, which was it was turned up in the sun had the appearance of being intermingled with gold, which they attempted to wash and purify, though ridiculing the idea that it was gold, and a box of it was taken away in order to ascertain what it was, but the box was lost at China.

It would seem, therefore, that Capt. Shilcock had really discovered an extensive "placer" of gold, and had succeeded in carrying his sample to England, it would, no doubt, have proved as valuable as that which has lately been brought here from the same region. The discovery would have moved all England to secure the golden prize and California would have long since been a British province. [Bee.]

LEWISTON. We are glad to learn that our good neighbor on the Androscoggin, Lewiston, is thriving greatly, as the effect of the railroad at that place. It will not long be the terminus of the A. and K. Road, for this is soon to be opened. Lewiston, but it is some pieces of road from the cards in his factory, had his hand caught by the cards and his arm severely lacerated, the bones badly broken and in one place just above the elbow. The injury rendered amputation of the arm, the only expedient. This was very skillfully performed by Dr. S. Laughton of Foxcroft. Mr. B. is now doing well. [Dover Observer.]

QUODD NOT OUTSIDE. We copied in our last statement from a Southern paper, that Mr. and Mrs. Randall, the celebrated Scotch giant and giantess, now of Wisconsin, had recently had a son born to them, who was three days old and weighed twenty-one pounds. We have since learned from good authority that the wife of our neighbor, Capt. Wm. McKenney, of Deer Island, N. B., has given birth to two children, the first of whom is a boy, and weighs twenty-three pounds on the day of his birth! If so the people in Wisconsin do accomplish "great things," our neighbors have done greater! A short time since, a neighbor at Lubec had three distinguished little strangers arrive at his home, who were accompanied by the parties we have spoken of, and can vouch for what we have written. [Eastport Sentinel.]

COUNTERFEITS ARRESTED. Two young men, Hannibal Porter and Dennis Savage, have been arrested at Milton Falls, Vt., for passing counterfeit money. After an examination before a Justice and their confessions, they were committed to the County Jail, where they were confined for the sum of \$500 each for their appearance at the County Court, and in default thereof were committed. The bills found in their possession, and in the package of \$400 which they threw away when arrested, were

The Must.

THE WIFE'S COMPLAINT.

When woman will, you tell me, John,
She really will, depend on it,
And when she says she won't, John!
She won't, and there's the end on't.
I know not why you think, John,
Her will is so much stronger,
Or when she's once determined, John,
She will hold out much longer.
You know your mind is fixed, John,
"For California Ho!"
To stop you 'twere as easy, John,
To stop Niagara's flow,
I've scolded, teased and begged, John,
With tears, to stop your going;
But 'tis as light a task, John,
To stop the wind from blowing.
"But let a few years more, John,
You sought one for your bride;
Then, for a weight of gold, John,
You'd not have left my side,
But now your brain is turned, John,
Your heart is growing cold,
You'll leave your wife, for what, John?
To dig for money, and to roam?
For days you were here, John,
Defying the scorching rays of the sun,
And returning at length, without procuring
his dinner.
No neighbor ever solicited in vain the help
of Andrew; for he pruned a vine, for another
he sowed a field, and on every occasion he was
found disposed to assist in another's business; but
for heeding his own affairs, or for looking to
his own estate, was altogether out of the question.
"For why," said he, "should I labor in
cultivating my farm, if by chance it should contain
a pest-bearing soil, that most ungrateful of
all land? There, where I would raise wheat,
the crop-fall grows; and where I thought to gather
peas, the weeds flourish with admirable luxuriance.
If there is need of dry weather, immediately it rains; if I need of dry weather, immediately it rains; if I need of dry weather, immediately it rains."
In this manner did Andrew reason, and in the meantime so much of his
patrimony had gone from his hands, and had so
diminished, that only one small garden remained,
which scarcely produced his kitchen vegetables.
The sons of Andrew (for he had several) were
faithful copies of their father, and followed carefully
his examples. Seeing their slovenliness, and
noticing them as so active and energetic, any
one would have said that they belonged to no
body.
The faithful friend and constant companion of
Andrew was a dog, called Tarfe. Both run the
same career; each one lived subject to the rule of
the old Gertrude, who had a peculiar spite against
the poor dog, since she looked upon him as the
cause of her husband's misfortune, and as a
participator in his excesses; and so made him
known by the cruel treatment she gave him.
Tarfe was a generous cur, without which valor
and the other endowments of a well-bred dog,
failed. In troubles and dangers he had always be-
lieved with honor, so that the anger of Gertrude
alone could subdue his courage. Should he en-
ter the house, he lost his haughtiness as soon as
he reached the threshold,—he hung down his
head, dropped his tail, and put himself in a position
to watch the temper of his mistress; and should
he notice a movement of anger,—should he
see her seize a bowl or plate, immediately
sending forth a howl he rushed out of doors.
As years passed away, the times became worse
and worse, and as much as the estate and pos-
session of Gual, became less and less, so much did
the rebukes and clamors of his wife increase
more and more. In the midst of these troubles,
Andrew, instead of trying to amend, procured
the alleviation of his pains by running to the
apothecary's shop, where the great and principal
men of Cadiz, the alcalde, the scribe, and the
seriat, held their sessions, and displayed their
powers of eloquence upon subjects of rural econ-
omy, now calculating the amount of crops, now
prognosticating changes in the weather, or per-
haps diminished the reputation of some neighbor.
Andrew believed himself safe in this asylum,
and in a refuge from cruel persecution, but he
was mistaken; for even from this strong position
the old Gertrude knew how to dislodge him,
and compel him to return to his deserted consort.
The situation of the miserable Gual increased
in desperation; and no alternative remaining,
to escape from the labor of his farm, and the despo-
tism of his wife, but the chase, one afternoon he
took his firelock upon his shoulder, and in com-
pany with Tarfe, he went to the mountains. On
this occasion, having wandered farther than usual,
he found himself in the most solitary and rugged
part of the mountain; and after having made the
convexities of the rocks to resound for a long
time by the repeated discharges of his musket,
whose echoes rumbled in the deep valley, he
came suddenly to the summit of an abrupt hill,
which commanded all the country round about.
Overcome with great fatigue, Andrew de-
termined to rest there a moment, and contemplate
in the mean time the grandeur of the spectacle
which nature presented. He turned his eyes,
and on one side he beheld the whole extent of the
Alpujarras, rough with ridges and rocks, heaped
one upon another, like the foaming waves of an
angry sea. On the other side he saw below his
feet his native place, and around it was sailing
in rapid flight a royal eagle, now rising slowly
towards the clouds, and now precipitating himself
through aerial space with the rapidity of light.
But farther off was extended a narrow valley,
embellished with innumerable gardens and cor-
nfields, and far in the distance appeared, in the
midst of its delightful plain, the high towers, the
royal palaces, and gilded pillars of the renowned
Granada.
But all this was almost lost upon Andrew, be-
cause the disquiet of mind in which he was,
and still more the rudeness of his understanding,
made him almost insensible to so majestic a spec-
tacle. Here it was that Gual for the first time
abandoned himself to the most melancholy
reflections, recalling to mind the troubles and
vexations of his life. He remained some time
absorbed in these sad thoughts; until now the
sun touched the limit of his course, and the long
shadows which fell from the mountains were
stretched towards the horizon. Finally, leaving
a deep sigh, Andrew, having brought himself
to return to his cabin, so as to abide the rebukes
and clamors of his spouse, heard a voice which,
at a distance, seemed to pronounce his name.
He turned his head on all sides, and seeing in
those silent places no living object, believed it
was an illusion, and began to proceed on his way;
but at that instant the same voice again resounded,
calling out distinctly in a shout: "Andrew! Andrew!
Gual!"
A secret terror diffused itself over the pusil-
lanimous Gual at that moment, and in an instant
the wonders and mysteries of that mountain as-
sailed his mind in a troop, and he trembled as if
some terrible adventure was about to take place.
At this Tarfe, which had not separated himself
from his side, raised his ears, stuck up his back,
gave a low howl, and looked fearfully down the
mountain. Andrew turned his eyes in that di-
rection, and saw a strange figure coming up the
declivity of the mountain, which, by raising his
hand and head, made signs for him to descend.
Gual obeyed, either by fear or by his natural
conscience, and on approaching that object, he
saw a venerable old man, clothed with a long
hemp robe, white as ermine. His silvery beard

NATURE AND HER LOVER.

BY CHARLES MACKEY.

I remember the time, that roving sea,
When your voice was the voice of Idleness,
A joy, and a dream, and a mystery.
I remember the time, ye young May flowers,
When your odors and hues in the fields and bowers
Fell on my soul, as on grass the dew.
I remember the time, that blustering wind,
When your voice in the woods, to my dreaming mind,
Seem'd the sigh of the Earth for human kind.
I remember the time, ye sun and stars,
When ye raised my soul from its mortal bars,
And bore it thence to your golden cars.
And has it then vanish'd, that dreamlike time,
Are the winds, and the seas, and the stars sublime,
Deaf to the soul in its mealy prime?
Ah! no! ah! no! amid sorrows and pain,
When the world and its ills oppress my brain,
In the world of spirit I rove—I reign.
I feel a deep and pure delight
In the loveliness of sunset light—
In the opening day, in the closing night,
The voices of youth go with me still,
Thro' the field and the wood, o'er the plain and the hill,
In the roar of the sea, in the laugh of the rill.
Every flower is a lover of mine,
Every star a friend divine;
For me blossom, for me they shine.
To give me joy, the ocean roars,
They breathe their secrets to my soul:
With me they sing, with me console.
Man cannot harm me if he would,
I have such friends for my every mood,
In the overflowing soul.
Fate cannot touch me: nothing can stir
To put me down or hate or stir
Twist nature and her elements.
Sing to me, flowers! press to me, skies;
Ye haudrons, glitter in mine eyes;
Whisper, ye deeps, your mysteries.
Sing to me, winds; ye forests, roar;
Speak to me ever, thou flowery sod;
Ye are mine—all mine—in the peace of God.

The Story-Teller.

Translated from the Spanish, for the Maine Farmer.

ANDREW GAZUL,
THE MOUNTAINEER OF THE ALPUJARRAS.

BY GEORGE G. FAIRBANKS.

The mountains of the Alpujarras are very
well known, since they were famous in history
as the theatre of a long and bloody war which
the Moors sustained against Philip II. The in-
habitants of those mountains have preserved even
to the present time some very curious traditions
of the events which happened in those regions,
of combats, exploits, and great feats of arms.
Indeed, they point out the exact place where
Don Alonso de Aguilas boldly met death, when
placing his back against a rock he presented a
courageous front to a host of Moors, killing many
of them before that he would yield to the multi-
tude who attacked him; here, they point out the
caverns in which the Africans deposited their
arms and munitions of war; there, the same cave
which served for an asylum to the unfortunate
Aben Humeya, when fortune was adverse. Every
thing in this classic territory breathes forth
history, every thing recalls the times of knight-
hood, and the past glories of ancient Spain. But
sometimes these are mixed with true historic
deeds, some whose truth all would not wish to
admit for certain facts, which they hold by tradi-
tion. In fact, it is reported that from caves of
these mountains strange and frightful voices are
said to leap forth, and that at times, as if two
armies were contending, they hear the rattling of
arms and the tramp of horses. Now, even, some
affirm that they have seen figures there which
appear to be Moors. Hence has arisen the mys-
tery and the fearful respect with which the na-
tives speak of these mountains, and this may be
the origin of the wonderful things which are said
to have occurred in them. However that may be,
it is sufficient for me to know that the follow-
ing story stands in the annals of that people, and
that it does not concern me to inquire into the
truth of it, but simply to relate the circumstances
just as they were told to me.

From the brow of one of these mountains
arises the small but ancient village of Cadiz,
which, if in former times it was celebrated for the
valor of its inhabitants and for having procured
themselves for Aben Humeya, chief of the re-
bellious Moors, it was no less so now for the
part which it has in the occurrence that I am
about to relate. In this village lived anciently a
simple laborer, named Andrew Gazul, a man of
decent standing, of a very mild and pacific char-
acter, and above all an obedient and obedient hu-
band. To this last circumstance, without doubt,
ought to be attributed that humility of spirit, by
which he came to be so well beloved by all, and
that he conciliated the general esteem; rare ex-
ample of what conjugal discipline can do; when
we see that not only and often by passing thro'
the fiery crucible of domestic tribulation. Thus,
then, was old Andrew loved by his people. His
cousin protected him, taking his part against
the implacable Gertrude, (for so his wife was

called,) in the frequent tempests which she ex-
cited. The spinster found in him an impartial
arbitrator in their love quarrels, and a mediator who
composed their differences, and restored peace.
There was scarcely one of the boys who was not
his partisan, since he accompanied them in their
plays, related to them the deeds and battles of the
Moors and Christians, in which the latter
always prevailed; and, finally, he suffered with
patience all their pranks. They loved him so that
when he presented himself to their little hands,
they received him with acclamations. In a word,
even the dogs, when Andrew passed, ceased to
bark.

For his disgrace, there was one fatal defect in
the disposition of Andrew, and that was an un-
conquerable aversion to all kinds of useful labor.
Notwithstanding, on some occasions his constancy
and application was notable; since it was
known that he would spend whole days running
through solitudes, climbing mountains and leap-
ing ravines, with his musket on his shoulder,
without any other object than killing a partridge
or wounding a hare. At other times he would
be seen at the bank of a stream, converted into a
fisherman, and sustaining a pole as large and as
heavy as a mule driver's rod, and there he would
remain, defying the scorching rays of the sun,
and returning at length, without procuring
his dinner.

No neighbor ever solicited in vain the help
of Andrew; for he pruned a vine, for another
he sowed a field, and on every occasion he was
found disposed to assist in another's business; but
for heeding his own affairs, or for looking to
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and compel him to return to his deserted consort.
The situation of the miserable Gual increased
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tism of his wife, but the chase, one afternoon he
took his firelock upon his shoulder, and in com-
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this occasion, having wandered farther than usual,
he found himself in the most solitary and rugged
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Gual!"
A secret terror diffused itself over the pusil-
lanimous Gual at that moment, and in an instant
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sailed his mind in a troop, and he trembled as if
some terrible adventure was about to take place.
At this Tarfe, which had not separated himself
from his side, raised his ears, stuck up his back,
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mountain. Andrew turned his eyes in that di-
rection, and saw a strange figure coming up the
declivity of the mountain, which, by raising his
hand and head, made signs for him to descend.
Gual obeyed, either by fear or by his natural
conscience, and on approaching that object, he
saw a venerable old man, clothed with a long
hemp robe, white as ermine. His silvery beard

hung down to his girdle; he wore a staff in his
hand, and a kind of turban covered his head.
The old man, with an air of authority and a grave
countenance, made a new sign for Andrew to fol-
low him. He did this also, and followed him
through places rarely trodden by the human foot,
without opening his eyes to so mysterious a per-
sonage.
They went on some distance, and having taken
a turn around the mountain, they came to an
opening, which was formed by the union of some
elevated ridges enclosing this precinct, thus figur-
ing a spacious and shady amphitheatre. What
was the astonishment of Andrew at discovering
suddenly in this place a most splendid company
of Moorish knights, gaily equipped. The coats
embroidered with gold and silver, the turbans of
various colors, the glittering cimeters, and in fine,
the exquisite luxury of their armor dazzled the
sight, by filling the poor Andrew with inexplicable
confusion. The affrighted laborer attempt-
ed to turn upon his steps, but instantly the Moors
surrounded him, detained him, and saluted him
in the Moorish manner by crossing the hands up-
on the breast, and making low bows. After-
wards they stripped off his rustic coat, his hunt-
ing cap and sandals, and put on a magnificent
robe, lined with skins of ermine, and bordered
with gold and fringed with the same. A precious
sword-belt, garnished with fine stones, surrounded
his body, and at his side hung a crooked Damasce-
ne-banger of inestimable value. Boots of the
finest morocco adorned the feet of the moun-
taineer; and lastly they placed upon his head a
broad turban of green and white stuffs, traversed
with gold and many strings of pearls. Above
the turban waved a white plume, and a half moon
of diamonds sparkled upon his forehead, eclipsing
the light of day.

An ancient and leafy oak occupied the centre
of this amphitheatre, whose branches, ornamented
with tapestry of damask, in the form of half
moons, made a splendid canopy. At the foot of
the tree, was stretched out a carpet beautifully
wrought in the Asiatic manner, and upon it was
placed a wide and well-stuffed cushion of velvet,
with tassels of gold and exquisite borders.
The admiration of Andrew increased momenta-
rily at the sight of so charming a scene; but all
at once it was excited at seeing them conduct him
to the canopy, and seat him upon the cushion,
and having rendered unto the greatest homage,
the rattling of drums, and the sound of symbols
and trumpets, was heard, and all broke forth at
once in the shout of "Hurrah for Aben Humeya!
Granada for the Moors!" After that, some
youths appeared who served him with a variety
of sweetmeats and of sherbets, and placed at his
feet a beautiful tripod in which burned the most
precious of Arabian perfumes.
"Holy heaven!" cried the astonished moun-
taineer, "what is this which is passing before
my eyes! What visions are these! I am king of Granada!
I am a Mussulman! Sinner as I am, am I not
I that unhappy laborer, Andrew Gazul, the
unfortunate and persecuted husband of the cruel
Gertrude?" To our Andrew these reflections
went and came, now figuring to himself that it
was all a dream, which he saw, and now attributing
it to enchantment, without deciding upon anything.
In the meantime the most sacred respects had al-
most yielded to the impulses of ambition; but now
for the narcotic effects of the opium, and the vapors of
the tripod, had overpowered his senses, and an
irresistible lethargy passed down his eyelids, and
he soon fell in a profound sleep.

Andrew, on awaking, found himself on the top
of the same hill and precisely in the same place
where he had seen the old man with the white
beard. It was a beautiful day in spring; the new
had just begun to gild the highest summits of
the Alpujarras, and the merry songsters celebra-
ted their warblings his luminous and vivify-
ing presence. Gual remained in suspense, in-
stantly rubbed his eyes, and began to look upon
every thing around him. The strange events of
the evening, and the objects which he had seen,
occurred so intensely his imagination that he did
not cease to search for them with his sight, but
in vain; all had disappeared. "Is it possible,"
said Andrew, "that I have passed the whole
night sleeping in this mountain! But what has
become of the Moors? and where are all the dig-
nity and pomp in which I saw myself? Then
this must be an illusion, and I have seen nothing
but vain shadows,—visions of the fancy!" On
serving carefully his garments, he saw that it
was the same rustic robe that he was accustomed
to wear. At his side was his firelock, and near it
he found also his hunting-bag entirely moth-eaten.
The poor man thought he had lost his senses;
and so great was the confused troop of ideas
which attacked him, that as much more as he
thought upon the event, so much were greater
doubts accumulating in his mind. At this time
he looked about for his dog, and not seeing him,
he was persuaded that he had strayed away in
pursuit of game. He gave a whistle, called him
once and again by name, but it was all in vain;
he seemed to respond to the whistle and the
voice, and Tarfe appeared not. Then Andrew
determined to return to visit the place of the past
scene, to see if by this means he could find the
thread of so intricate a labyrinth, and the solu-
tion of so many doubts. On placing himself upon
his feet he perceived so great a rigidity in all his
joints, that his body appeared to have lost its
natural agility. Penative and thoughtful he took
his musket in his hands and turned to go down
by the same path which had before conducted him
to the unlucky amphitheatre. Stumbling
and falling among these rough places, he was
able to approach with much difficulty towards
the place where ought to be the entrance of that
enchanted country which he sought; but he found
in its place, with sufficient surprise, an enormous
rock, which appeared notched by the chisel, and
which closed up the passage. An impenetrable
wall barred his going further; and for going back
the difficulties conquered and to conquer appalled
and overcome him. In this conflict, seeing him-
self alone among these crags, his heart was op-
pressed, and not knowing what part to take, he
looked anxiously around on all sides to find some
consolation in so great trouble. He again called
his dog, but received no other answer than the
cawing of an ill-boding crow, which, from the
top of a high rock, seemed to mock his afflictions.
Finally, our mountaineer took courage, and mak-
ing a tremendous effort, succeeded, but not with-
out danger, in reaching more level land, from
whence he directed his steps towards his native
town.

Being now near his village, he met with many
men going out and coming in, but it caused him
much wonder that he did not know any one of
them, inasmuch as he had scarcely a neighbor in
Cadiz, with whom he had not some relationship
or intimacy. Every thing appeared from him as if
the roads appeared different from those he was
accustomed to travel; and every one invariably,
as he passed by them, pointed at his beard with
their hands, and stared at him with admiration
and curiosity. This action, so many times re-
peated, caused Andrew involuntarily to do the
same, and at the same time casting down his
eyes, he saw with a fright that his beard had
grown more than a foot long.

On entering the town, he saw himself in an
instant surrounded by a host of boys, who immedi-
ately raised an uncommon shout, and huddled
around him, laughing at his strange face and

long, hoary beard. Even the dogs, which before
were accustomed to be so great friends to him,
did not now know him, leaping up at his approach
barked with a strange impetuosity. He did not
take a single step without finding new causes of
wonderment. Many of the houses which he had
known and frequented, had disappeared, and in
their stead he saw other different ones. The faces
which appeared at the doors and windows were
also new to him. In fact, the houses, the streets,
the people and the town all were new, strange
and unknown to the disconsolate Gual.

In the midst of so great novelties, the sad moun-
taineer began to enter into doubt, and suspected that
his beard had been disturbed. Now, it appeared to
him, that his people and all the world were chang-
ing, and drawing a deep sigh, he exclaimed,
"Bless God! to what has everything come! Is not
this my town, out of which I went only yesterday
morning? Are not these mountains the Alpujarras,
or am I still dreaming?" Then re-
collecting the old man, he continued: "Ah! that
accursed old man, that rascally wizard, in the
cause of this; had I never seen him, or at the
least had I never trusted him, I never should have
come to this ridiculous pass."

Then after some delays, which he made in ap-
proaching his own house, he finally came to it,
and went towards the door, not, however, with-
out some misgivings, since he feared at each in-
stant he should hear the sharp tones of the old
Gertrude. The poor old man had gone to ruin,
the roof was broken in, the glass was out, and the
door on the ground. From here, there ran
into the shade of a brick house, a lean, lank and
hungry cur, very much like Tarfe. Andrew called
him by his name, but he only showed his
teeth, and turning his back, pursued his way—
"Do you also disown me," said Andrew, "you
ungrateful dog?" He entered the house, and
found it deserted and abandoned. He cried aloud,
but nobody answered; he passed from the kitchen
to the yard, and from the yard to the square,
and then returned to call his wife and children.
For a moment the walls resounded with his voice,
and then all was still and silent.

He could remain no longer in this place, and
sallying forth he went like a terrier to the house
of his friend, the apothecary; but that also had
disappeared, and in place of the apothecary's shop
he saw they had built an inn. At the door a
group of soldiers and students stood, a class very
unfortunate for his adventure; for he went there
immediately, with his hair matted and greasy, his
musket on his shoulder, and a crowd of boys at
his heels, which made a clamor that could not be
quieted. The soldiers asked him if he would
come and sit in the public square. The students
said they would give him a place on the grass
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At this time the inn-holder came out, saying:
"Come, good man, calm yourself, and tell us what
has happened to you, what you want, from
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I swear," said Andrew, "that I left them safe
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which I am a son and citizen, and out of which I
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Here the miserable Gual began to break forth
in complaints, and to lament his fate, since he
saw himself alone and isolated in the world, with-
out friends, without home, and without family.
"What words which I spoke in answer to his
questions, was a blow which transfused him, in-
creasing at the same time his pain and confusion;
but at length he exclaimed, in a tone of despair:
"And is there no one here who knows Andrew
Gazul?" "Why should we not know him," said
two or three of the bystanders, "since you can
see him here; behold him sitting there in the
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his cigars, neither more nor less than his father
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fact saw a man, about thirty years old, who so
much resembled him, that it appeared his spirit
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anxiously at himself, and at this he was so con-
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Then the alcalde presented himself, and asked
him who he was, and what he was called. "God
knows," replied Andrew, "I now am not myself.
I am that which is here, and it ought to be I. I
know only that last night I was Andrew Gazul;
but that I slept in the mountain, and now I am
here, the same one that I was, neither is the town
in which I lived the same, nor the houses, nor
the people, nor anything to do as it was yesterday."
Those who thus heard him run on, were
persuaded that the poor man was beside himself,
and some gave orders to understand this by signs,
shaking their heads, touching their foreheads with
the finger. Now they endeavored to deprive him
of his musket, and to secure his person, when
he was fortunately arrived a young woman, who
making way among the men, determined to have
a sight at the bearded old man, who had so much
moved the curiosity of all. This woman carried
a child in her arms, when seeing Andrew was
frightened and began to cry. "Hush! hush!
daring little Gual," said the mother, "do not
fear, the good old man won't hurt you." The
appearance of this woman, her tone of voice, and
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